Rad as Hell

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Rad as Hell

by cellard00rs

Summary

Stan's been having some bad days at work. Ford cheers him up.

Notes

For cheeziswin, because she's a super sweetie who really wanted bottom!Stan (and LOUD bottom!Stan)

Connected to Kickstart my Heart but you don't really have to read that - all you need to know is that Stan and Ford went off together to Gravity Falls and it's the 80′s.

Stan's last few days at work have been lousy.

Mainly because Preston Northwest is an unmitigated asshole. He hired Manly Dan, Stanley, and several other lumberjacks to rework his hunting cabin and he keeps changing his mind every other day about what kind of work he wants done. Monday he wanted shiplap paneling, Tuesday he changed his mind and requested board and batten, Wednesday that wasn't good enough anymore and he wanted beadboard – and so on and so on. Stan is starting to get really sick of cutting and recutting wood.

He isn't even that jazzed to work with wood in the first place. He only does it because – well – he can't think of anything else to do. He'd been a mechanic for a while in Jersey and that hadn't been too bad, but it wasn't something he wanted to do as a full-fledged career. The same could be said for the lumberjack work he was currently doing. He liked working with Dan, but that was about it. There just…wasn't any occupation he could think of that he felt he could be passionate about. or really good at.

He wasn't like Ford. Ford had found what he loved so early on in life and he had just stuck with. Science! It had always been science. Sure, the *type* of science changed, but it stayed in the same wheel house. Currently the science was all paranormal weird crap that he had managed to find here in Gravity Falls. And while Stan wasn't the biggest fan of his brother messing around with this stuff he at least was happy that Ford was happy.

Especially since their relationship had, ah, advanced.

Stan had always known about Ford's crush on him. At first it had troubled him, but over time he had grown to not only like it, but to reciprocate it. Still, he often worried that he had misread the situation until – at last–he'd found the balls to broach it. Which had led to a pretty explosive interaction on the foyer floor of the Shack.

And ever since then he and Ford had been a couple. And yeah, it felt kind of stupid to think of it that way, but there was no other way *to* think of it. They were a couple. They kissed and snuggled and shared the same bed and we're together in all the ways two people could be with one another as a couple. Except for sex. Like, full blown sex.

There had been some messing around but nothing invasive. Not that Stan wasn't interested. Quite the opposite – he was *very* interested. But he had had no idea of how to bring this up to Ford and then this stupid job with Northwest had come up and ever since then, he'd been pretty damn miserable and grouchy. And he honestly hadn't thought Ford noticed until Saturday night.

He gets off work, still hopping mad at Northwest for his three millionth requested changed when he comes home to the smell of steak. Yummy, juicy grilled steak. He can't remember the last time he's had a good steak. He enters the Shack and shucks of his boots and his beanie hat, shaking out his hair. Its grown long – sort of stuck between a mullet and something more romance-novel-cover-style-esque.

He gets teased about it endlessly but he could really care less. He likes having longer hair. It feels…nice. Especially when he combs his fingers through it, which he does now as he calls out, "Ford?"

"In here!" his twin's voice sounds from the kitchen.

Stan goes into the kitchen to find Ford sitting at the kitchen table. Two tapered candles rest in the center and Ford sits at his end, looking shy, "Hey."

"Um, hey. What's all this?"

Ford gets to his feet, "Well, I-I noticed you've been sort of down lately and I know you've had some problems at work so I-I got Fiddleford to whip us up something before he left."

"Fiddleford?" Stan questions. He knows all about his brother's partner in science. He's a pretty cool guy, but he was unaware he had any culinary skills. Ford explains, "If I had cooked it would have been inedible. Fiddleford has a better grasp of cooking and I asked him for the favor. He was okay with it as long as I gave him an extra two days off. He wants to spend some extra time with his wife and their new baby."

"Heh, how's that kid doing?"

"Good. I told Fidds to take as much time as he wanted, that all he had to do was ask, but he said for the most part he likes to get out of the house. I think it's to avoid the diaper changing duties."

"Makes sense," Stan returns and as he sits down Ford gets up. He fetches two plates out of the oven, "I kept these in there to keep them warm."

He sits one plate in front of Stan and another down for himself. Stan looks down at the steak, mashed potatoes, and corn and it's like he's in heaven. Then it truly becomes heaven, because Ford gives him a big, cold mug full of foamy beer. Stan takes a healthy swig, grinning, "Whoa! Thanks, bro!"

Ford just dips his head, "You like it, then?"

"M'ove m't," Stan mumbles, his mouth already packed with food.

"What was that?"

Stan swallows, "Said 'I love it!'"

Ford smiles and digs into his own food. They eat and Ford prods Stan to talk about his day. Stan ends up ranting for about half an hour about Preston and all the stupid things that have been driving him up the wall at work and Ford just listens patiently. Now and then he'll ask a question but only when it seems like a good moment to ask.

Otherwise he's all ears and Stan finds himself feeling flush with pleasure. It's so nice to get all of this off his chest, to have someone listen to him. And the food is top notch. He has to

make sure to thank Fidd's sometime soon – maybe, like, get him a nice plug of tobacco or something else he might enjoy.

When they're done eating, Ford gets up and holds out his hand to Stan, "Come on – the night's not over."

Stan takes his hand and Ford leads him into the television room. He has a stack of VHS tapes to one side and he shows them to Stan, "I checked these out for you."

Stan picks up the tapes and shuffles through them, "Holy cow! 'Grandpa the Kid'? 'Stony'? 'Iowa Smith and the Thieves of the Lost Cross'?! These…these are some of my favorite films!"

Ford beams, "Yeah, I figured we'd watch whichever one you*mmmpf*!" his words are cut off by Stan's lips. Stan kisses him with a soft, sweet intensity before drawing away, grinning from ear to ear, "You are the best boyfriend a guy could ask for!"

The words leave Stan without thinking. Ford, at first post-kiss, is dazed and blushing but as Stan's words sink in he grows jittery, "B-b-boyfriend?"

Stan thinks about it, then shrugs, "Yeah, y'know you're…kind of my boyfriend now, right? I mean, dinner and movie – that's a date. And we've been on dates before if you wanna get technical. And then there's the kissing, the snuggling, sharing a bed, our going down on one another-"

Ford starts waving his hands around, clearly embarrassed by hearing the last bit aloud, which only serves to make Stan chuckle, "What gives, Sixer? Nobody's here but us!"

"Yes, I know but-but you don't have to-to say-"

"What? That I sucked your dick?" Stan asks then laughs more because Ford's blush is getting deeper and deeper and Stan kisses one of his heated cheeks, "Calm down, nerd! I'll cut it out. No more dirty words. Promise."

Ford looks slightly mollified and he sits on the couch, "Well, go on and pick one. Whichever one you want."

Stan goes with the classic, 'Grandpa the Kid', and he puts it into the VCR. They're about half way through the movie when Stan turns to Ford and unceremoniously starts kissing him. He pushes him down onto the cushions and they're pretty deep into making out when suddenly Stan draws back and looks into his eyes, smiling, "This has sorta been a perfect night."

"Mmhmm." Ford returns, brain still dead from the kissing.

Stan decides to use this to his advantage, "You know what'd make it even better?"

Ford shakes his head slightly and Stan starts kissing him again, just making sure he's fully doped up on physical contact before whispering against his damp lips, "If we went all the way."

At first he doesn't get any sort of response but then Ford's eyes grow wide, "You…you want to-to-? R-really?"

Stan nods.

"Tonight?"

Stan nods again, more enthusiastically.

Ford bites his bottom lip and looks away, "I-I suppose…I mean, I have done some research."

He rolls his eyes, "Of course you have."

"And I have what we would need…protection, lubrication-"

"Oh ho, say that last one again," Stan laughs against his mouth, "Slowly."

Ford doesn't get to say it again because Stan starts kissing him again. They kiss for several minutes before Stan finally rolls off of Ford and holds out one of his hands. Ford takes it and they quietly move to the bedroom. Once inside Stan tugs Ford back to him and they start kissing again but much to Stan's surprise, Ford makes sure to turn them in such a way that Stan falls beneath Ford.

He's a bit surprised to find that Ford's body, while slighter than his, has some weight to it and he's really enjoying it, that feeling of being pushed down, of having someone over him. But more than anything he finds he's really into Ford taking control. Normally Ford is passive but right now he seems gripped by some fervor, some confidence and he whispers, "Tonight's about you Stanley…all about you."

Stan ignores how his eyes stupidly well up at that, but the past couple of days have really been dreadful and there's something about all of this sweet attention that's really getting to him. Ford strips him of all his clothes and every time Stan tries to take something off of Ford he's shrugged off and pushed away, Ford's voice firm, "Not yet. You first."

"But I want-"

"Ah ah ah," Ford scolds teasingly, "I've given you everything you want so far, but this…this is for me. And for you. Trust me."

And then he's touching Stan all over, kissing him and biting and licking and sucking every patch of skin he sees and Stan is squirming, a pent up desire rising hot under his skin and he just…wants. He wants everything and more of everything and then Ford's mouth is trailing over his legs and he's turning red himself for once because his legs are hairy and gross but Ford doesn't seem to care.

If anything, he seems to be really enjoying himself – tip of his tongue trailing slickly along Stan's ankles and calves and then under his knees which makes Stan let out an embarrassingly high pitched sound because this sensation is not only tickly but also pretty hot.

And then Ford's teeth are nipping at the thick muscles of his thighs and Stan's panting like a dog, moaning, and his fingers are knoting in Ford's thick brown curls, "Come on…stop fuckin' teasing me and just-just…"

Ford's raises his mouth and just…breathes over Stan's aching dick. The air coming from his mouth is hot and damp and he runs his hands up and down Stan's quivering thighs, thumbs brushing right near his taunt sack and then up along his hipbones and then back down again and Stan feels half wild, out of his mind with stimulation, but not *enough*, and he groans, "*Killin*' me…you're killin' me…"

Ford laughs and the air of it pass over Stan's heated flesh, "I thought you wanted to go all the way?"

"What?" Stan asks, totally lost and frustrated but not the kind of angry frustration he's felt all week. No, this is a desperate, sweet sting that makes him think that he's losing his sanity but in the best way possible.

"I'm going to give you what you want, Stanley," Ford promises and his dark tone causes a jolt of excitement shoot down Stan's spine, "Don't worry…I'm going to take good care of you."

Ford rises up over him, still (annoyingly) avoiding the most aroused part of him. Instead he focuses on Stan's pointed nipples, licking and biting each in turn and whichever one doesn't have his mouth on it has his fingers, tweaking and touching until Stan is damn near shaking beneath him, worked up and eager. And then Ford has the audacity to draw away and Stan wants to punch him square in the face until he notices that Ford is reaching into their bedside drawer.

He pulls out a tiny tube and moves back over to Stan, "Roll over."

"What-? Why?"

"Stanley," Ford returns, tone commanding, "Roll over."

Stan swallows thickly and does as instructed. His face is pressed into the fluffy comforter, as is his throbbing erection, and he moans openly, seriously thinking about humping the mattress when Ford lightly nudges him, "Ass in the air, please."

Stan's eyes widen and just as he's about to ask him what he means he feels a sharp slap on his ass. He cries out, startled, "Did-? Did you just-?!"

Another swat, this one a little harder and Stan lets out another cry but this one is edged not so much with shock as with arousal. Fuck! He-he didn't know that was something he'd like. But apparently Ford did, as Ford's growls, "Don't make me ask again."

Stan kind of wants him to ask again, kind of wants to feel another strike but he's too curious to know what Ford is going to do, so he does as requested. He feels kind of dumb, ass pointing up in the air, face pressed down to one side but then he hears the sound of a cap popping open and something…wet.

He bites his bottom lip and looks out of the corner of his eyes to see Ford coating his fingers, his palms and his hands are soaking wet by the time he touches Stan.

Six slick, soft fingers play along the crack of his ass and part his cheeks and carefully, carefully one finger circles his hole and Stan's eyes are wide. There's no way…right? No way Ford is going to-

One of Ford's fingers sink in.

A curse escapes Stan as the finger eases in. It's not sharp, but the feeling isn't entirely pleasant. It sort of…burns. And it feels strange. Unfamiliar. He feels stretched and not necessarily in a good way and he's about to question Ford, ask why the hell he's just put a finger up his ass of all things when it…goes deeper and kind of curves and – holy sh*it holy shit holy shit*

"HOLY SHIT!" Stan shouts as lights explode behind his eyes and his whole body jolts backwards into Ford's touch as if he's been electrically shocked.

Ford stops, waits, "Stanley?"

Stan answers in a long, drawn out noise. Because a noise is all he can manage.

"Stanley, are you alright? Did I find your-?"

"*Stop*?! Why'd you *STOP*?!" Stan howls into the comforter, body pushing back, ass rising higher, "Keep-keep doing…doing whatever the *fuck* you were doing! Oh *Jesus*, it felt-it felt…"

"Like this?" Ford asks and his finger pushes back in, rubbing against that spot that makes Stan feel as if his blood is on fire and Stan is bellowing vowels, unable to form words and Ford answers with an amused, happy huff of sound as another finger joins in and then another and another and Stan is nothing more than a collection of pleasured nerves and noise at this point.

His body damn near leaps off the bed and into each thrust of Ford's fingers and Stan is… loud.

Really, really, *really* loud.

He wouldn't be surprised if his shouts can be heard down in the town.

But…he can't help it.

This feels…amazing. Beyond amazing and he wants more, needs more, and the earlier uncomfortable stretching is now a hot, hungry burning stretch that he wants more of and he has no idea how many fingers Ford has in him but he'll take more - he'll take *all* six, if they all just keep touching this *amazing* spot in him.

And the bed beneath his cock is wet now – his length leaking liberally and he keeps teetering on the edge of coming but not quite because he needs something, something more and he

doesn't know what it is and he feels like he'll go crazy if he doesn't get it soon and then – and then…

Ford stops.

He stops and withdraws all his fingers and Stan hisses – not only at the loss of the contact but at the strange feeling and he can't help how whiny his tone is, "Why are you stopping?!"

Ford doesn't answer with words but Stan can hear him gasping, can hear him muttering, "*Shit*…god, so sexy…so much better than my research implied…Jesus…*fuck*…can't-*can't*…"

Stan hears the audible sound of Ford's fly going down and then a foil packet ripping and the soft click of latex and he knows Ford is putting a condom on and – oh fuck. Oh no. Oh-okay can he-? Um, can he actually handle, ah-?

But Stan has no more time to wonder about it, because he feels something considerably bigger than fingers at his entrance, something blunter and hotter and Ford's voice is a husky mess, "If-if hurts or you don't like it, tell me to stop. I'll stop. You just have to ask and you can ask whenever you want and-and…"

He trails off and then Stan feels it, feels this big, thick length breach him and a sound chokes out of his throat – part pain, part shock and his body seems against this intrusion but only for the briefest of seconds before it just…sort of opens. And Ford is sliding into him and then back out again and on the second thrust he hits that spot and Stan goes blind, deaf, and dumb to everything but how good it feels.

"OH GOD! *OH FUCK*! Ford…*FORD*! Too good! Too-! *Ah*! *Ahhnnn*!" Stan grunts and thrusts back and Ford answers with his own strangled off noise as his fingers tangle in Stan's longer hair, tugging and pulling and he starts thrusting in roughly, deeply, and Stan's a total wreck, the stimulation driving him wild and he moans against the bed, his earlier promises about not talking dirty completely forgotten, "Yes! Yes, *yes, yes*! *Fuck* me, ride me! Come on, come on, come on!"

"St-*ah*!-an! Stan!" Ford whimpers, "You're…so t-tight, so *good*-! Oh, f-! Taking-*uhh*!-me!"

"Want you!" Stan begs, "*Need* you! Come on, Sixer…*fuckin*'…p-pound me!"

The sound that leaves Ford is unearthly as he loses all control, hips moving madly and he's rocketing up into Stan again and again and hitting that sweet spot over and over and Stan's cock twitches forcibly as he starts coming, starts painting the comforter in his come. Ford whispers his name and shivers and then Stan feels a hot wetness inside his body, a deep seated pulsing and he lets out a whimper, loving it.

Ford collapses over top of him, pushing him down and Stan lies there, sated and overcome. Eventually his brother pulls out, falls next to him as the sweat cools on their bodies. Stan feels the physical loss and lets out a quiet sound of disappointment. Honestly, his brother could have gone completely limp inside him for all he cares. He's just…spent.

And happy.

Really, *really* fucking happy.

He grins lazily, breathing; "*Now* it's the perfect night."

Ford answers with a weak hum and then, "We should…should shower. Change the bed before…"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah….how's about you go get the water ready, huh?"

Stan gets a quick, soft kiss from his brother who is back to being the bumbling, shy nerd again. As if he hadn't just been a rampaging Viking in the sack a few moments before. Stan watches him leave, deeply amused by the fact that his brother didn't even have the patience to fully undress before fucking the daylights out of him.

He lies there, smile on his face, thinking about how while his last few days at work have been lousy, his days at home – especially tonight –have been rad as hell.

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